

# ΓΑΜΗΛΙΑ

On the happy marriage of the most  
*accomplished paire,*

H. R. Esq.

And the vertuous

A. B.



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*Hugh Rogers*

*Anne Baynton*







AD SPONSVM ÆDES  
*Brumhamianas* primò invisentem.

**S**iste gradum, quavis Juvenis dignissime formâ,  
 Hæc statio erranti est placidissima; pectoris æstû  
 Hic relevare potes, nec pulchri indagine vultûs  
 Per varios migres agros, variasq; per urbes.  
 Occupet ignarum forsan *Brumhamia*; in illis  
 Ædibus alma Venus posuere & castra Cupido.  
 Hospitium prædulce Deæ peregrine subito,  
 Saucius exhibis: Nam quos non vulnerat *Anna*  
 Sanguinis antiqui *Bayntonia*! dives avorum,  
 Et decor ipsa suis, cunctis prælata puellis;  
 Et formâ præstans, & primis nubilis annis.  
 Huic similem quondam servavit ahenea turris,  
 Æthere cui puro descendit plurimus auro  
 Jupiter, & fulvus pro munere depluit imber.  
 Pro love munus erat; plus nostrâ elucet in *Annâ*;  
 Plus pro dote feret; siquidem supereminet omnes  
 Virgineus pudor & divina modestia dotes.  
 Vreris infælix? Age, divam ambito puellam,

A

Non

(Non benè conveniunt æstus in amante, pudorque)  
 Basia, stulte, petas; nec tantum basia profunt,  
 Quantum sola nocent. Peragat facundia causam.  
 Quam non luasit Amor, fervens & pectoris ardor?

Divæ Venus, Venerisque leves faveatis Amores.  
 Tu quoque casta licet, noli morosa videri,  
 Et cave ne renuas sortem, quam fata benignam  
 Insolitò misère: vagæ quot rure puellæ,  
 Illius (heu!) cupidæ quot sperant basia matres  
 Virginibus cessura suis! Tibi fata dederunt,  
 Quæ reliquis inimica negant; quos sola recusas.  
 Quâlibet amplexus emissent arte puellæ.  
 Ne te difficilem præbe; vix dignior illo  
 Quisquam nocte tuâ est, nuptæ thalamoque pudico.

Vicimus, ô Juvenes, lætas Hymenæus ad aures  
 Fertur, & insignis patitur *Bayntonia* vinci,  
 Dat quoque victa manum, Veneris jam fœdere gaudens.  
 Oscula nunc repetas pulchris signata labellis,  
 Oscula blanda dabit, nec quæras oscula tantum:  
 Virginitas jam tota tua est, cùm Cynthia noctem  
 Speratam tulerit, Sol & se merferit undis.  
 Phæbus abit; Properes, & dulcia bella capeffas,  
 Collectumque diù cupidus largire vigorem.

J. E.





To the happy Bride-groome.

**W** Hilest we, faire Sir, approaching Winter moane,  
 And grieve to see our May and Iuly gone:  
 These gentler Moneths conspire to crowne your fate:  
 And with joyn'd temper still attend your state.  
 Hee that enjoys a Paradise, which yeelds  
 The Pride of Gardens, flowry Lawnes, and Fields;  
 Chang'd seasons cannot feele: to him the yeare  
 'Twixt spring and summer doth throughout appeare.

To the most vertuous Bride A. B.

The Paths of Love are plaine; and we his Dart  
 Can trace, when it wounds but a common heart.  
 In you, faire Spouse, the winged Deity  
 Is Knots and Charmes, Riddle, and Mystery.

- 1 Tell me, Before what pearled row  
 Ripe Cherries doe in Autumne grow?
- 2 What earthly Glories, scatter'd raies  
 Excell Apollo's haire and Bayes?
- 3 What Climate in the North breaths forth  
 Aires, then the Easterne beds more worth?

A 2

4 What



- 4 What twin-like starres below doe prove  
Light and eclipse to those above?
- 5 What Snow is that, which is both flame  
And frost to him that courts the same?
- 6 What chaste coole Ice hath heate so much,  
To melt th'embracer with its touch?
- 7 What Sun is that, which risen benights  
Fresh Summer, yet breeds his delights.

*Would You unriddle these? in order set  
The two first letters of the Alphabet.*

T. F.



**E**N En stellato fulgens Venus aurea cœlo  
Præluit Thalamis; & multis lucida flammis,  
Fœstas promittit tædas noctemq; benignam.  
Vobis (fœlices Animæ!) post tædia longa.  
Has sedes sacravit Amor: jam fata potestis  
Improba ridere; & vanos contemnere casus.  
Sic postquam iratum tranavit navita pontum,  
Et fruitur portu, Fortunæ oblitus iniquæ,  
Demulcet Genium; atq; udis pœnè obrutus undis  
Ignigenæ indulget Baccho, tepidoq; Lyæo:  
Et nondum siccas, expellunt pocula curas.  
Ite, agite, ô Juvenes, & vos, castissima turba,

Quæ

Quæ nondum Veneri specula appendistis, honores  
 Ferte omnes Sponso & Sponsæ; lectissima circum  
 Nectite ferta torum, multoq; è flore corollas:  
 Hoc templum Veneris, teneriq; Cupidinis ara.  
 En ubi casta venit vittis redimita capillos  
 Victima purpureos, niveoq; insignis amictu.  
 Tali Agamemnoniam cultu incesisse puellam  
 Credibile est, quando formâ commota Diana,  
 Suppositâ cervâ mæstis servabat ab aris.

Turba puellarum, cur non imponitis aræ,  
 (Huic molli lecto) nuptam? ne brachia vincla  
 Impediant, nec vincla pedes: succumbat Amoris  
 Victima, sponte suâ. Cur palles sacra puella?  
 En mystes tibi sponsus erit: tibi vulnera figet,  
 (Cur iterum formosa times?) at vulnera Amoris.  
 Mille genis teneris, & mille & mille labellis  
 Atq; oculis frontiq; affiget basia, donec  
 Deliquium patiatur Amor: tunc arctius ulnis  
 Corpus formosum amplectens, & eburnea colla,  
 Pectore mulcebit tepido, viresq; vagantes  
 Colliget, atq; novos sensim producet amores.

Adsis sponse sacer: mystes & sponsus: Amoris  
 Mystes, & sponsus Veneris: solennia sacra  
 Sunt peragenda tibi; faveat tibi noctis amicæ  
 Longa quies, & serò suos sol dividat ignes,  
 (Quærit Amor tenebras & amica silentia noctis.)



Virgine sic tandem oblatâ sacrifq; peractis,  
Mane novo innumeram possis prædicere prolem.

P. M.



**G**ood morning to your chafest loves; the day  
Hasts to compleat your joyes: Sol could not stay  
One minute longer ere he rose; he fled  
The tedious courtships of his Tethys bed  
And woo'd Aurora with a gentle smile  
That she would ope the day, and so beguile  
Night of her due: she blush'd, and straight the hills  
Were mantle'd all in red; the wood quire fills  
The groves with Musick: th' morne, the groves, and all,  
Welcome the comming of loves festivall.

Virgins deflowre the feilds: ( you may commit  
Rapes on the meadows and be Virgins yet. )

Rob Flora's gawdy wardrobe, and o'respread  
The way with flowers where the Lovers tread.

This is an honest theft; this, no offence:

(c To sinne when Love commands is innocence.

This done, the lovers may to th' Temple goe:

The Temple hath a share in Loves rightston.

= Religion is the band of loue: we ty

The lovers knot in this solemnity.

sport

The



The ring's the pledge of love: no other stone  
Gives it its price but its owne union.

Blest Couple! (doe I not a sinne commit  
To say a couple when this knot is knitt?)  
This right performed you both victors are,  
Conquering each others hearts: each hath a share  
In the others love: from the selfe same fire  
Both loves receive their warmth: the same desire  
Burns in each breast: two bodies that may be  
By one soule mov'd: 'tis Loves Philosophy.

Love hath proclam'd a feast: his courts doe ring  
With sweetest Musick; and the Minstrils sing:  
The court's inspir'd with mirth: who ever now  
Lookes sad and pensive, or contracts the brow,  
Savours of Schisme and faction: he will prove  
Not of the court, but family of Love.  
Had some decrepite paire enter'd Loves bands  
Snowie with age, and joyned palsi'd hands,  
Mirth would have bin a mock-show. If the Bride  
Had chanc'd to smile, you would perhaps have spy'd  
Empty unfurnish'd gums: to sing, at best  
Had bin to cough in tune: and all the rest  
Of Loves solemnities, but only shovne  
The Bride and Bridegroomes imperfection.  
Here both are young: youth dances on their brows;  
Fresh and untainted vigour gently flows  
Within their veines: hither doth nature bring

The richest tributes of the youthfull spring.

See where the Bride appeares: such Majesty  
Did not invest the Cyprian Queen, when shee  
Ore' came on th' Phrygian Mounts: or when she strove  
With armed Mavors in the field of Love.

Let but her aged parents gently sipp  
The balmy sweetnesse of her virgin lipp,  
It will repaire their age, and straight restore  
A fresher spring then ere they had before.

Blest Sr, be happy in your Bride: those armes  
Are more effectuell then the strongest charmes:  
They will effascinate your soule: but this  
Bewitching is unto a future blisse.

Enjoy her, chaste, and modest: (there can be  
No better dowry then Virginitie.)

Chaste as the blushing morne, or pearly dew  
Which drops from Virgin-Roses; whose faire hue  
The Sunne hath not yet courted. Taste the sweet  
Due to your wedded soules: it is not meet

That you should now in contemplation move  
But try at length the practick part of Love.

Warm'd by each others loves, you may beget  
Each night a Cupid and be youthfull yet.

P. M.

Sponse





**S**ponsa veni; differs nimis expectata mariti  
 Gaudia, quàm pretiosa Tibi dilabitur hora,  
 Dum nimum benè compositis Te vestibus ornas!  
 Tu plus nuda places. Paridis sententia, Palmæ  
 Ipsi nec Veneri victricia ferta dedisset,  
 Si non nudatæ. Nimiam sub pectore curam  
 De cultu retines; non veste ornatior ullâ  
 Quàm Tali, Qualem Tibi connubialia præstant  
 Stragula, lodicesquè, sacri velamina lecti.

Undique conspersis sternatur floribus alma  
 Tellus, & Quicquid calcaverit hæc Rosa fiat;  
 Lilia virginæ dispergite verna puellæ,  
 Hoc agite, & vobis talis precor accadat hora.

Accendas, Hymenæe, faces, facilisq; vocatus  
 Ritibus his adsis viridi velatus amictu:  
 Sisque maritatis florentis nuntius ævi.  
 Nolo equidem decores humeros velamine flavo;  
 Zelotypi color iste decet connubia sponsi.  
 Ast hinc suspicio, procul hinc quoq; vana facestant  
 Jurgia, sollicitæ procul hinc discedite curæ,  
 Et quicquid violet peramica silentia noctis.  
 Æquo & perpetuo nexu jungantur Amantes  
 Turturibus similes; solo hoc discrimine distent,

B

Nullo

*No beauty she dost me, when all her cloaths are on,  
 but Beauty's self she is, when all her Robes are gone*



Nullum cum gemitu, nullo cum murmure vivant.

Rumpe moras Zonamq; tuam; Quid sponsa moraris?  
 Pro Zonâ cingat, pulcherrima virgo, mariti  
 Gravior amplexus, vivusque sit annulus iste,  
 Quo sua perpetuo firmet connubia nodo.  
 Teque viro jungas, nec vitis amicius ulmo  
 Hæreat, aut plures (opto) ferat illa racemos,  
 Quam Tu filiolos: parias fœcunda Quotannis,  
 Et geminum parias, longâque propagine, fœtum  
 Sitque alter Matris, Patrisque sit ectypon alter.

G. W.



**C**ome Hymen haste, and bring thy lights,  
 And for a while let's know no Nights.

Put thy glad saffron Garment on,  
 Let all dull sadnesse farre begone,  
 And sing with Musique by thy side,  
 Joy to the Bridegroome, and the Bride.

Behold here is a loving Paire,  
 They both are young, and both are faire,  
 Thy Torches yet did never see  
 Brave Youth, and Beauty so agree.  
 Haste Hymen then to joyn their Hands,  
 Haste thee and loose their virgin Bands.

What

What beauty on his cheek doth shine!  
 'Tis lovely, yet not Feminine.  
 Each cheek endeavours to excell,  
 And in this Friendly strife doe dwell.  
 A red in either doth abide,  
 As if they blush'd at eithers Pride.

In Hers what Modesty doth fit!  
 The Rose and Lilly there are knit.  
 From Her snowy spotlesse looke,  
 The face of Innocence was toke.  
 Her Lipps in Labour swell, soft Kisses  
 Th'offspring are, and sweeter blisses.

Their Friends and Fortunes equall'bee,  
 Their virtues, and estates agree;  
 Their Age is too so nigh the same,  
 That they scarce differ but in Name.  
 They seeme to mee as if they had  
 'Bin Man and Wife by Birth, not made.

Haste thee Hymen, what dost feare  
 The threats of this, or i' other shire?  
 Can Bromham mourne, or Cannington  
 To see so blest an union!  
 If to a Gemme, a Gemme you joyne,  
 The more's the Prize, the more's the shine.



Thou rob'st not this, or t'other place,  
 But add'st to both a double Grace;  
 They two being wed, those Townes may be  
 Partakers of the Myſterie.

constellacion. Two ſtarres conjoyn'd, both may diſpence  
 To ſundry climes their Influence.

The fruitfull vine doth from one Roote,  
 Diffuſe his Moiſture round about;  
 So that the fartheſt Branch may be  
 The thickeſt cluster'd on the tree.  
 So from the Stock may branches grow  
 To ſhade thoſe Townes and Countries to.

And now I ſee 'em joyn'd, the Bells  
 To liſt'ning Friends the glad news tells.  
 Joy fits on ev'ry brow, each eye  
 Mov's quick as Heaven with Lollity.  
 One wedding brings a thouſand forth,  
 For all ſeeme married unto Mirth.

But ſee the Sunne how faſt he flies  
 And to his amorous Tethys hies:  
 How red he bluſhes, as he were  
 A ſham'd & have kept the married Paire  
 From their due joyes ſo long? Their day  
 Is night, he cries, ſo poaſts away.

Aud



*And haste thou, Muse, too, only wish  
Each night may prove no worse then this;  
Their Love may still encrease, and they  
Kisse still as loving as to Day.*

*The children like the Parents prove,  
Some Mars'es, and some Queenes of Love*

R. P.



**H**uc, huc ô Veneres, Cupidinesq;,  
Huc Nymphæ, Charitesq; quotquot estis,  
Sed castæ Veneres, Cupidinesq;  
Sed quales Charites beatis illum,  
Sed quales Charites beatis illam,  
Huc læto simul advolate cursu.

Huc & vos properate, grata, Musæ,  
Turba, & quælibet induens Thaliæ,  
Vestros jungite Gratiis lepores.  
Illi junctus *Hymen* choro beabit  
Fausto carmine blandulum maritum,  
Fausto carmine blandulam maritam.

Hæc junget sociâ dies catenâ,  
*Hugonem* juvenum venustiorum,  
Et sexûs decus omne mollis *Annam*.  
Ne citum nimis urgeas *Phlegonta*,

B 3.

Currum

Currum qui regis arbiter diei;  
 Cedas seriùs at nigræ sorori,  
 Festi gaudia protrahens amæni.

Atat, gnavus & impiger maritus  
 Lento irascitur, invidetq; Phæbo.  
 Sponsi gaudia plena quid moramur?  
 Et quid vota novæ modesta sponsæ;  
 Amplexusq; pios, sed & ruborem:  
 Sincera oscula, sed simul timorem:  
 Et quæ dat genialis ille lectus,  
 Blanda & Cypridos incruenta bella?

Ah pigros nimis urgeas caballos,  
 Currum qui regis arbiter diei;  
 Da furvæ citiùs locum sorori;  
 Nec sedem priùs occupa relictam,  
 Donec officiosa turba amici,  
 Inter brachia molliora sponsi  
 Nuptam corripiant novam, relicto  
 Nuper nomine virginis rubentem.

## AN ECLOGUE.

Coridon, Alexis.

*Cor. Hoe Alexis, gentle swaine  
 Turne a litle back againe.  
 Whether run'st thou with such speed,  
 Whil'st thy flocks neglected feed?*

Alex.



Alex. Hast, Coridon, make hast away  
This is Sheep-heards holyday.

Seest thou how the glad swaines runne  
With each an acclamation

Of joy, and pleasure, to betide  
The happy Bridegroome, and his Bride?

Cor. Courteous Sheepe-heard read to me,  
Whose is this solemnity?

Alex. Wot'st thou not how Brumham's pride,  
(Happy Virgin, happier Bride!)

Pan's eldest Nymph, and nearest care,  
Wedds Sylvanus sonne and heire?

Cor. Shee? the glory of these plaines,  
Whose beauty so bewitch'd the swaines  
And in her fond admirers strooke,  
Amazement with each gracefull looke?  
Shee whose every accent might,  
Charme with wonder, and delight;  
And challenge in harmonious measure  
Syrinx, Pan's transformed pleasure?  
Who when her eye shee doth advance  
Conquers a heart with every glance?  
Shee who made the amorous boyes,  
To esteeme no other joyes;  
But neglect their flocks to fold,  
While her eyes they might behold;  
And not mind the swift-pac'd Day,

Gazing

Gazing on a brighter ray?  
 Whose amorous and awfull eye,  
 Moves with such tempting modesty,  
 At once t' would kindle a loose flame,  
 And check it? Is't not Shee? Alex. The same  
 Yet all this beauty now is wonne,  
 By the Swaine of Cannington:  
 Then whom Phœbus yet hath spied  
 Nothing fairer, but his Bride.  
 One in whose ennobled brest  
 Vertue's selfe hath chose to rest.  
 True in heart, and strong in tongue;  
 Wonder, in a swaine so young! :  
 Nothing Noble, nothing faire,  
 Lacks to make a perfect paire.

Cor. Joyne we then, and let our lore  
 Call for more blessings from above  
 On this rich couple. Send them downe  
 Every Deity a Crowne.

Alex. Pallas wisdom. Cor. Juno treasure.

Alex. Hebe youth. Cor. And Venus pleasure.

Alex. Bacchus and Apollo joyne,  
 To makethis a fruitfull vine.

Cor. Hymen with thy brighter flame  
 Quite expell all cause of blame.  
 Farre hence vaine jealousy be set,  
 Where youth and beauty so are met.

Alex.

*Pos solæ gau-  
 dente mivē, nil  
 bellere vestro  
 candidius. &c*

Pallas	sapiens	videt	verba
Juno	opulenta	tenet	talenta
Venus	venusta	odit	nitrum



Alex. *That so thir numerous joyes may ne're decrease,  
Each being others greatest happinesse.*

T. P.



# ECLOGUE.

Damon. Cloris.

Dam. **C**ome, Cloris, let us hast away,  
Wee must all now keepe holiday.

Thirfill to day must Coelia wed,

Pan will enjoy him in his Bed.

Clo. The newes is welcome, such a paire,

So young so handsome and so faire

Arcadia yeelds not, what a face

Doth the gentle Coelia grace!

How did shee Captivate the Swaines

That ever saw her on the Plaines!

What Garlands would this Sheep-head bring,

What Roundelaies that other sing!

That scarce a Pipe was heard to play

Unlesse in praise of Coelia!

Dam. And, Cloris, Thirfil is a Lad,

That in as great esteeme is had,

What Sheep-headesse on all the greene

C

Hath

Hath not Thirfills lover beene?  
 Pretty Daphnis oft would make,  
 Garlands, and Posies for his sake,  
 And oft in flowers his name would set,  
 And weare it in her Coronet,  
 And then shee'd vow that his name lent,  
 The flowers their colour, and their sent.  
 Phyllis too did often send,  
 Tokens to him, as her friend,  
 Shee wrought him Handkerchiefs, which shee  
 Conveid unto him privily,  
 And if at any time he chanc'd  
 To use them when hee publike danc'd,  
 Phyllis then was happy made,  
 And ample recompences had.  
 What shifts would Amarillis frame,  
 If shee but heard of Thirfills name!  
 Shee'd drive her flocks to his, and swear  
 They better fed, because so neare.  
 His eyes shee'd call those heavenly showers,  
 That deck the earth with grasse, and flowers,  
 And twas no mar'le since shee did view,  
 How in his cheeks sweet Roses grew,  
 Shee call'd his face a Flowery May,  
 His eye a never falling day:  
 If that he, but a piping were,  
 Shee'd cal't the musicke of the Spheare.



Clo. Oh Damon thou thyselfe canst say,  
 How Cœlia doth both sing and play,  
 How all the youngsters of the plaines,  
 Are ravisht with her curious straines.  
 How when she sings her Flock will looke  
 As with admiration strooke,  
 They leave of grasing straight to heare,  
 And only then doe feed the eare.  
 Some stand stone still, as if afraid  
 To disturbe the beauteous Maide.  
 But others friske it here and there,  
 Dancing to the Tunes they heare.  
 Whil'st all the Sheepheardefes yeeld  
 To her the honour of the field.

Dam. Then Cloris they are happy met.

Clo. They're like a Rose to a Rose set.  
 Like two bright starres they doe appeare,  
 Both are faire, and both are cleare.  
 Sol with bright Venus doth conjoyne,  
 Beauty, and Majesty combine.  
 Pan crowne their wishes, may they be  
 Not happy, but fœlicity.

A. S.



**W**Hat strange sound's this! an invocation  
 Of Cupid, Hymen, Love, Peace, Union!  
 'Tis well some yet agree; for by those Gods  
 I thought that all the World had been at odds.  
 And didst thou say a Wedding? ist not, Friend,  
 A Tournament these Families intend?  
 Or more vast quarrell, such as threats our Land?  
 Looke, yon's as brave a troope as th' Royall band.  
 But hence all terrors, since I well discry,  
 Here's nought intended but a blest supply  
 Against both warres, and sicknesses: hopes yet,  
 Since though we cannot save, wee may beget:  
 He that gave Angells Immortality,  
 In lieu of that, did bid Man, Multiply.

By what name shall I saint these houres? some say  
 'Tis not so much a Nuptiall, as Birth-day.  
 Since Parents, Friends, each one this day begins  
 To acknowledge him, that was borne single, Twins:  
 And yet I feare we have err'd grossely who  
 Doe stile these Twins, They are not so much two;  
 But shall become, ere these ten Moones be gone,  
 Incorporate one Babe, one Little-one.  
 Of that compleat, and perfect Vnity,  
 All you boast yet, is but as Prophecie;



Your Loves, as ring, are types, that the Church will'd,  
 c 'But Progeny is Marriage fulfill'd.  
 Nature expects this from you, as her meed;  
 Then for your birth you thanke her, with your breed.

R. P.



**F**Idlers, goe breake your strings, more musick lies  
 In the Brides mirth, then your harsh melodies.  
 Dancers, be you gone too, her panting hart  
 Keepest truer musick-time, then all your art.  
 And what needs these strew'd flowr's? if for their sent,  
 Her breath Arabian spices doth present!  
 But if the colour please your eye, why see  
 A blushing rose in each cheeks modesty.  
 Your junkets too are uselesse, for each guest  
 Findes in the Bride a most delicious feast.  
 c Hymen put out thy torch; though love's a fire,  
 Yet darknesse, and not light is his desire.  
 But if againe you would revive the Sun  
 Let the Bride ope an eye, and straight 'tis done.  
 This happy Bridegroom you enjoy in one  
 A wife, and wedding preparation.  
 How will the Hinds of Somerset, glad Swains,

Run hobling with their welcomes o're the plains,  
 When Canington shall turne loves paradise,  
 With the wisht presence of your beauteous prize?  
 They'l leave their harvest though it shine; the plow  
 The flayle, and all shall lye neglected now;  
 And to a bag-pipe, whistle, single Kitt,  
 Lift up their beeles 'till they the Seiling hit:  
 Scraping such welcomes that your hall will bee  
 Tnrn'd fallow with their Gamboll jolitye.  
 As if their plowing shooes would there foretell,  
 The plenteous viands which againe shall swell  
 Your full crown'd tables, equalling that store  
 Your Fathers charity us'd spend before.  
 Your flourishing age doth prophecy their mirth  
 Shall yearly be renew'd with a faire birth.  
 Such hopes are dasht, when youth mungrels it's blood  
 With a rich three-score ore-worne Widdow-hood.  
 Where the not pleasant, but most reverend bride  
 Lies like a Sybill by her husbands side,  
 Who kisseth her with such devotion,  
 As Anch'rites doe some Relique, or Saints bone.  
 But heer's no wrinkles, save what Venus hurles  
 On her faire brow, when it with smiles she curls.  
 These strict embraces teach the fruitfull vine,  
 And shew the honyed wood-bine, to entwine.  
 Like two perfumes mixt may they know no strife,  
 But to infuse in a third Odour, life.

G. K.





On the happy Marriage of H. R. and A. B.  
 masked under the names of ASTR O-  
 PHIL and CHARILLIS.

**Y**ou Virgins that did ne're yet prove  
 The power and sweet effects of love:  
 And yet faine would learners be,  
 J'th' chaste and naturall mystery.  
 Goe not to your wanton vine  
 'Tis not love she doth define  
 But loves errour, see her Top,  
 Makes use of every Neighbour prop:  
 And rather then shee'l lye alone  
 Shee le loosely mingle with her own.  
 The Jvy too as well doth twine  
 About the Elme as lofty Pine,  
 If shee has store shee doth not care  
 How crooked and deform'd they are.  
 Such love as this though typ'd by trees  
 Is practis'd by those looser shees,  
 Whose dotage thinks all ware will passe,  
 If veil'd with loves diviner glasse.  
 Her true complexion wouldst thou see,  
 Such as is not Heresy,  
 Whose unmixt and cleaner fires

Owe

Owe their birth to such desires,  
 As a Hermite may admit,  
 Or a frozen Anchorite:  
 Let Astrophil thy Tutor be,  
 Or Charillis chastity.  
 Who to each Virgin breast shall prove,  
 Not lovers but the Art of love.

Which having learnt and that you bee  
Proficients in the mystery;  
 At your Tutors Bridall day,  
 Every Virgin sing a Lay:  
 And as sacrifices bring  
 The pride and glory of the spring.  
 Lillies, Daffadills, and Posies  
 Of the blushing Damaske Roses,  
 Primroses and other flowres  
 To bedeck the Wedding bowres.  
 Chaplets fresh, both white and greene,  
 Such as fit Loves, King and Queene.  
 Since to each Virgin breast they le prove,  
 Not Lovers but the Art of Love.

That done with soft and dutious feet  
 At Brumham house together meet:  
 Where if the Bride (as innocent  
 As if there were no marriage meant)



You find asleep, each one may sip  
 The balmy Nectar of her Lip,  
 Which treasure up, for it will be  
 c The best preserve for Chastity.  
 Then with voyce as soft and still  
 As Zeph'rus, whisper Astrophill.  
 At which word, as at the Bell  
 Which rings a Dirge or Matins Knell,  
 Rise the chaste and watchfull Nnnes,  
 Shee'le disclose her clouded Sunnes:  
 Which having seene you boldly may  
 Tell the world 'tis breake of day.  
 Then with no unseemly rimes,  
 As are usuall at such times  
 'Mongst loose Madames of the Court,  
 Make immodesty a sport.  
 But with hearts as pure and free  
 cc From bad thoughts as Martyrs be  
 When they laughing court the stake,  
 Finer try your charge to make.  
 Which nor sad, nor froward doe,  
 You may be chaste and merry too.  
 Each virgin to her selfe may say  
 That I had such a wedding day!  
 Having bound her flaxen tresses  
 And put on the choyce of dressees,  
 To her Love that all this while  
 With a sweet and unforc't smile

*Lasciva est nobis pagina  
 Vita proba*

D

Doe's

Dye's expect in one soft kisse  
 To give and take an unprix'd blisse,  
 You must deliver your rich store  
 Both the Indies boast not more.  
 And like learners watchfull stand  
 At the Bride and Bride-groom's hand.  
 Since to each Virgin Breast they'l prove  
 Not Lovers but the Art of Love.

Next, when as their lipps have showne  
 Their soules more Constant Union;  
 And the God of Marriage stands,  
 With Virgin-Tapers in his hands,  
 Which he lately lighted by,  
 His or her refulgent eye,  
 Then I say, the Virgin crew  
 Of Brumham Nymphs know what to doe.  
 And the swaynes of Buckingham,  
 Lacok, Chalne, and Heddington,  
 Pleasant Bremble, where the fleet  
 \* And parted streames of Avon meet,  
 Wait the Bride and Bridegroomes Nodds  
 Like that troupe of lesser Gods  
 That once met on Phlægras greene  
 To attend Heavens King and Queene.  
 And the Birds who chirping say  
 This shall be your Bishops day,

+ Vallentine

From



From your cheerefull hollow throates,  
Strive to drowne the Minstrells notes.

See they come, what light is here!

Phœbus is out-shone I sweare,

And for shame behind a cloud

His fainting conquer'd beames doth shrowd.

Tell me Virgins have you seen

On the Spye or Wanditch green

Such a lovely well-shapd Creature?

Or e're dream'd of such a feature?

For I know your dreames suggest

What doth please your fancies best,

Browne his hayre is, which doth shew

The owner of't is trusty too.

Proper as the lofty Pine

Or the trees of Apennine.

c Strait as straightest lines of Art,

Or those beames the Sunne doth dart,

When no thicke or cloudy dayes

Doe refract or breake his rayes.

Would you have me to expresse

In a word all comelineffe

That nothing may be said beside,

Hee's as beauteous as his Bride.

And with her there's no compare,

Venus selfe is not so faire.

Sheeba's goodly eyes 'tistrue,

So has bright Charillis too. .  
 Venus forehead though't be high  
 Is not white as Ivory.  
 When Charillisses I know  
 Whiter is then falling snow  
 Whose sudden, chaste, and spotlesse birth  
 c Never mingled yet with earth.  
 Her Lipps---but oh I cant' runne o're  
 All the parts of her rich store,  
 Hymens torch burnes all this while,  
 And the Bride and Bridegroomes smile  
 Gently chides at my delay,  
 But they shall no longer stay.  
 Virgins o'pe the Temple gates  
 Where the Priest and people waites  
 Each as jocound as if they,  
 Saw and had this Bridall Day:  
 Now with fervour joyne your hands  
 As in love so Hymens bands.  
 While my humble muse retires  
 Seldome warm'd at such bright fires,  
 And betakes it selfe agen  
 To it's blunt and usuall Pen.  
 And if e're I chance to wee,  
 Beauteous payre, Ile thinke of you.  
 Since to all Virgin Breasts you prove  
 Not Lovers but the Art of Love.

G. B.





**H** Ands joyned? 'Twas never 'Better : see  
They shadow out some Majesty!

'Tis this stately Posture crownes

Kings and Queenes Ambitions:

For to make sure his mystique 'Bands

Hymen tyes one knot of Hands.

Here, Great Love, thou hast a Paire

More soft then purest Kidd, more Faire:

Which doe lend the Gloves they wear

Perfume, beyond the Millainer.

And where can Rich Sents breathing lye

Fitter then in such Ivory?

Then Happy Sir, the common voice

Must needs commend You and Your choice,

Who are so vertuous, so Best

= You will ev'n consecrate your Priest.

Comethen from Church, There's other Rites

Wait to accumulate Your delights.

View the 'Board and see what fare

The Household Goddesse can prepare!

For now I can't believe Lar will

Live a Batchelour-God still.

But hence warming her desires

Vesta too kindles New fires.

Strike up All in midst o'th Feast,  
 Let Mirth enliven every Guest:  
 Ceres Ladyship shall dance  
 Attendance, and His Plumpnesse prounce  
 That's Bacchus hight, for let me see  
 To Daunce is Wines chiefe Quality.  
 So we the Guests have what to doe,  
 Till the Roome seemes to dance round too.  
 Then sadly take our leave, The Year  
 Yields few such dayes in's Kalender.  
 Such a Night I me sure 't can't yield,  
 Till Platoes dreame shall be fulfill'd.  
 When in the same blessed place  
 You shall repeat the same Embrace.  
 And, but the Diamonds sparkling Eye  
 None present at Loves mystery.  
 Then shall you boast that you have twice  
 Breath'd Indies, and dream't Paradise.  
 And recounted of your blisses  
 The second Chiliad of Kisses.  
 So your successive Love shall no End see;  
 For Time Repeated is Eternity.





**F** Aire Ones, how will you pacify  
 The litle angered Deity?  
 Whose Altars none will after dare  
 T' approach with sacrifice, which are  
 Lesse then Perfection's selfe; then how  
 Will he find votaries enough?  
 His Temples will turne Groves, and these  
 Perhaps of fatall Cypresse trees.  
 Expect you not hee'l make retire  
 With's leaden Dart your noble fire,  
 That so the meanest of his traine  
 May hope his favours cheape againe?

No with your single Vowes hee's more  
 Honour'd, then with his wonted store  
 Of common suppliant's. What if here  
 He loose a couple, who not dare  
 To shew their faces now (alasse,  
 They meant their Lands should make them passe.)?  
 Or if he misse some well-borne paire,  
 Whose only Armes are rich and faire?  
 Others, who for their yeares expect,  
 The wing'd Boy will not dare reject  
 Their reverend rowes, would hither move

Tincrease

T'increase the cinders of their Love.  
 Some couples haply are kept back,  
 Who every Good, but Beauty, lack.  
 Some, who being only vertuous,  
 Thought other Graces of no use;  
 Nay, that they lessen'd vertues praise;  
 As if the shadow added rayes  
 To the unseen Light, or the Sunne  
 Lesse welcome were, i'th' brightest noone,  
 When every Atome feeles a ray,  
 Then when 't beclouded just makes Day.  
 Let these or more forsake Loves Quire,  
 You make the Harmony entire:  
 Had Nature some one Gemme refin'd  
 To th' worth and lustre of the Kind  
 We could have spar'd each glittering stone,  
 Which boasts single perfection.

The wanton Deity is proud,  
 His rooffe such worthy Guests can shrowd,  
 And would his Mother straight remove,  
 T'enthrone a fairer Queene of Love,  
 But that he feares, were this once done  
 He should be 'sham'd to keep his owne.

Sincethen already you possesse  
 What he can only wish were lesse,  
 See, he forsakes his uselesse Throne,  
 And tenders a petition;

That



That when he now and then supplies  
 His halfe-spent Quiver from your Eyes,  
 You'l not complaine to Love's high Court  
 Of his too bold, though harmlesse sport:  
 How will he tremble to be doom'd  
 To th' Rock, til's Liver be consum'd?  
 You need not feare, hee'l spend too fast  
 This golden treasure, and so wast  
 Your stock away: thinke how much more  
 Would sicknesse spoyle that precious store;  
 How many beames would Care put out,  
 Or some unlucky jealous doubt,  
 For one, that he shall borrow thence?  
 And all these Fiends hee'l drive from hence.  
 You cannot wish more happinesse t' obtain,  
 Then such a Client, such a Guardian.

G. M.



### The Bridegroome to the Bride.

Come, Lovely Maid, and let us walke  
 Into the Garden, where wee'l talke  
 Of Knotts, and flowers there, which may be  
 The Emblems of Loves mystery.

E

See

See how yon hony Columbine  
 About that sturdy Oake doth twine!  
 It tells thee, these embraces 'Be,  
 And Emblemes in Loves Mystery.

See how yon Marigold displays  
 It's selfe, and Courts Apollo's Rayes;  
 It tells Thee, that thou must be free,  
 And open; in Loves Mystery.

Ton Camomill, when most 'tis prest  
 (Observe faire Virgin) thrives the Best!  
 It tells Tbee, 'tis the way to prove,  
 To admit the Pressure of thy Love.

See how yon Vine to the Wall Clings,  
 And propt, Observe, what fruits it brings!  
 It tels you if you'd fruitfull Bee,  
 You must be propt, as well as Shee.

Ton Lovely Pippin there is spred.  
 Because the Sun it Kist, with Red.  
 It tels thee that thy Lovers Kisse  
 Will make thy Cheeke as red as His:

But stay, Faire Maid, yon Rosemary  
 Preferres an earnest suit to thee,  
 That you, would straight married bee,  
 And hee'l Bequeath yon spriggs you see.

Stay



*Stay then no longer; Meet thy Love,  
And in thy Vnion Fruitfull prove.*

*Virginitie is little lesse,  
Then affected Barrennesse.*

N. V.



*S B* *Left Vnion! So have I seen  
Two Starres, whose fires when having been  
Divided, shew'd to th' Vulgar eye  
Like Common People of the sky,  
With rayes Conjoyn'd dart forth a blaze  
So bright, as made all eyes to gaze,  
And Wonders to the World dispense  
By this their doubled Influence.*

*Blest Wilts! that never joynd'st a paire  
More good, more gentle, sweet, or faire,  
Whose veines swell with a richer flood,  
Of nobler or more ancient blood.*

*In many Alembicks Gold's refin'd,  
Before t' Elixar 'tis sublim'd.*

N. W.



L Ady, when first, and last I saw you sett  
 Grace of Great Baintun's Table, as you'r yet.  
 Me thought the guests more heartily fed by th' eyes  
 To see their meat so carv'd did satisfie.  
 And something was in each mans thought, which told  
 Vntil this Instant would have bin too bold.  
 The generall neglect of their rich fare,  
 Shewed there was somewhat choycer, and more rare.  
 Not to be tasted though, so the chiefe dish  
 Was then, (what now you'le better know) a wish.  
 The wine which nimble Ganymeds still brought,  
 It was not to the Venisons but a Thought.  
 The Supper was a Project, and weefed  
 s (As if we had the Rickets) in the Head.  
 Then were our Fancies, (Fancy's very Fleet)  
 Carried I know not where with Love-wing'd Feet:  
 Now into This, now That, great Family,  
 Sometimes the Portmans, Paulets, and then Fly  
 Vnto Great Heles, and Smiths, and such trim dances,  
 Vntill at last we rested at Sir Francis.  
 Here it was time to stay, for next like you  
 Something was here, that d'd invite our view.  
 It was a Face the Purblind God had miss'd,  
 Venus reserv'd it to be private kiss'd.



By her owne Lipp, and often smil'd, and laugh'd  
 To see this Brest unhitt by her Sonnes shaft.  
 The warmed youth strang'd at this unknowne flame,  
 And knew not what it was, nor whence it came.  
 Venus was angry at his ignorance,  
 And in his strangenesse lost her daliance.  
 Whereat she cal'd her boy, (Hee's never farre)  
 To joyne that Planet unto This chaste starre.  
 This was his businesse, his delight, his worke;  
 And in an instant by his wonted lurke,  
 He wounds, inflames, unites this noble Paire,  
 And fills them full of Love, and Free from Care.  
 By This We hungry were, and straight fell too:  
 Yours is a Feast alike; so pray doe you.

E. G.



## ECLOGUE.

Damon: Phyllis.

**P** Rithee (Phyllis) Why this stay?  
 Loose these Rites, and loose the day:  
 Seest thou, how the Sun drives on,  
 As if he meant to daunce anon?

Or rather Posted o're his Light,  
 That he might make the longer Night.  
 See'st thou how the Rivall Morne  
 With Roses doth her Cheeke adorne,  
 As if in this her blushing Pride  
 Shee were not Bride-Maid, but the Bride?  
 Hearke, the sweet 'Birds are Tuning, Hearke,  
 The warbling Thrush, the Early Larke  
 New Layes from one another Borrow,  
 And all to bid the Bride Good Morrow.  
 And thus they'l Chaunt away the Light;  
 But meane to strip themselves at night  
 Of their soft downe, to build a Nest  
 For the most equall Paire to Rest.  
 Why then (Phyllis) Why this stay?  
 Shall wee onely loose the day?

Phyllis. Rather my Damon, why this Hast?  
 What matter though the Rites be Past?  
 Are there such joyes, such Trophies wonne,  
 In seeing a Virgin-soule Vndone?  
 Kind Swayne---

Damon. ---Fond Nymph, Blaspheme no more:  
 Natures deare selfe hath deeply swore  
 A Stepdame hate, 'gainst such as prove  
 Rebels to the pure Throne of Love.  
 Vndone? weake Heretique! to give

Her



Her lost for that, by which wee Live!  
 Should all Breath Virgin thus, our Stage  
 Would turne to desert in one Age.  
 This; 'twould Vndoe the World, and Rate  
 The day of Doome before it's Date.  
 Nay, had thy Mother taught this Geere,  
 Sure (Phyllis) thou hast ne're been here.

Vndone? so is the Fragrant Rose,  
 When Pluckt, it in her Bosome growes:  
 So is the Incense spoyld, when us'd  
 To perfume Heaven, because 'tis Bruis'd.  
 Diamonds may shine in their Owne Mold,  
 Yet are more Worth when set in Gold.

Call'st thou then her Vndone, that's Going  
 The way to thrive by her Vndoing?  
 To Lodge two soules under One Roofe;  
 To Live two Lives, two Lives of Prooffe;  
 To part with Maid, yet keepe that Name;  
 cc (Chast Wife and Virgin are the same)  
 { To be all Ice, and yet all Fire;  
 { To be Divided, yet Entire;  
 { Bee multiply'd, yet be but One;  
 Call you me this to bee Vndone?

Now she may live as long as They  
 Of the First Age, a Live-long Day:  
 And when Nine hundred yeares are told,  
 Shee in her stock shall scarce be Old.

she if in 4 Act's afraid,  
 every night's another mayd.

To be All Riddle thus, which none  
 Can solve but Death; nor He Alone;  
 If this be losse, if this be Woe,  
 O who would not be Vndone so?

Without this Hymen-knot the Frame  
 Of Heaven and Earth had stood as Lame:  
 cc "Both sexes make but Man: His Ayde  
 Was Eve the Woman, not the Maid.  
 For else a Friend had Cheer'd his Life;  
 But God gives more then Friend, a Wife.  
 O Powerfull Charme, which once put On,  
 Perfects the grand Creation!

Phyllis. Yet, Damon, once thou said'st to mee  
 cc In Heaven we all should Virgins bee.  
 If such Blisse rests o'th' Marriage Bed,  
 Pray tell me, why don't Angells Wed?  
 Is there that Petty joy can Misse  
 Them, who are sated with All Blisse?  
 Cease then to Woe with words not Even:  
 cc "The Wife Fills Earth, the Virgin Heaven.

Damon. True: but yet had'st thou ne're been Born,  
 Thou ne're should'st see th' Eternall Morne.  
 How should Heaven fill with Virgins Worth,  
 Did not Earths Wombe first bring them Forth?  
 And though in Heaven no Marrying bee;  
 "Yet there the Bridegroom we shall see.

Phyllis.



Phyllis. Thus farre you Conquer: But to be  
 n Rob'd of my Native Liberty;  
 To loose my Holy-dayes, when the Swaynes  
 Trip it o're the Carpet Plaines;  
 Is this no Losse? Nay, there's no Gyves  
 (Say some that Try'd) to the poore Wives.

Damon. Some such perhaps who strangely take  
 Girdles for Bonds; some such who make  
 Garters and shackles one; Deare Girle,  
 As if this Chaine of Mother-Pearle.  
 Did Manacle thy Hands, that Ring  
 Captive thy Finger. Any thing  
 I'll grant my sweet but this. No More:  
 There is no Life to Hymens Lore.

Phyllis. Suppose: yet canst thou name a Doome  
 To the dread sorrowes of the Wombe?  
 Nomæa once Counted to me  
 - The thousand Pangs she payd for Thee:  
 And if Swaynes cost thus deare, what Cares,  
 What Throbs buy Natures Choycer Wares?  
 The teeming Deaths of each sad Mother---  
 Damon I've done, Name such another.

Dam. Come Come, Who would not pay some groanes,  
 To buy the pretty little ones?

F

To

To be a Mother at no Rate---

Forbid it Heaven and awefull Fate.

But soft; They Come. So breakes the day  
From mantled Night: so in full Ray  
Shines the bright Sun, when from his bed  
He donn's his Beames to deck his head.

The Rose though faire, would staine That Cheek:  
Lillies look wan, nor bright, nor sleek  
To her cleare Front; where the warme snow  
Of driven Innocence doth grow;  
While on her Cheek the Graine and Dye  
Of Blushing Virtue Courts her Eye.  
And then her balmy Lip nor Paint  
Nor studied Verse can make more quaint.  
So many sweets throng in that Face,  
Each single would Create a Grace.

Phyllis. Yet had she more (if more can meet  
In One) more Faire, more Pure, more sweet;  
There's He that will deserve her Tall  
And Full-brim Graces, even All.

That Gate! that Looke!---- Faire Maid, ne're grutch  
Thy easy losse, that gain'st so much.

For if the Casket shine thus Cleare,  
How shines the Gemme that lodgeth there?  
Help me, my Damon. Helpe, whilst I  
Talasio and Talasio cry.

Damon.



Dam. But didst thou mark that smile? that Kiſſe?  
 That ſmile agen, and That, and This?  
 See how they mingle ſoules; and dart  
Their Eyes into each others heart.  
 So Ioue embrac'd his Swan; that Twine  
 Darkens the long-fam'd Eglantine:  
 That living Wreath were it a Bough  
 Would fit ſome Conquering Cæſars Brow.  
 Nay Phæbus would forſweare his Tree,  
 One day to be halfe-blessed by Thee.  
 Seest thou faire Nymph?----

Phyllis. ----- Too much to move  
 My ſpring of Blood: If this be Love,  
 I doe Recant: By the next Sun  
 I am quite Loſt, if not Undone.

G. W.

## Blest Paire,

Whilest others reare huge *Temples* to your praise,  
Give a poore Swaine an *Altar* leave to raile  
Of *Wishes* made. *Successe* bee *Sacrifice*,  
And *Time* y<sup>e</sup> *Priest*, your *Blis* sweet *gūmes* & *spice*.

So chaste a flame, possesse each brest,  
As that which fire's the *Phoenix* nest,  
When shee her selfe her selfe doth Wooe,  
Being Husband, Wife, and Issue too.  
Sun light's supplied from your own eyes,  
Both being Fire, Priest, Sacrifice.  
And may't as long and lasting burne  
As did the Lampe in *Tullias* Urne.  
May every looke so gracefull prove  
As that, which first did make you love.  
May shee grow you, you hir, both one,  
Both multiplied by Union.

May you as large an issue see  
As those, whom God bid Multiply.  
And may each birth as easy passe,  
As when you make your selfe ith' glasse.  
And all so like the Mother bee,  
That shee may thinke when first that she  
Beholds the pretty infants face,  
The Nurse hath only brought the glasse.  
As years increase so may your love,  
Like flames in Winter hottest prove.  
When you're growne young in Progeny,  
Sweetnesse bee chang'd to Majesty.  
(So Trees for pleasure and sweet shade  
First set, at length were Temples made;  
Delight became Religion  
And love chang'd to Devotion.)

Your whole lives be one Wedding day.  
(Winter's a Spring unto the Bay)

And when y<sup>e</sup> are dead, may you b<sup>e</sup>esteemd by all  
*Loves* *saints*, your *Histories* *Canonical*;

And *Wives* and *Virgins* yearely to your *Tombe*  
As to *Loves* *Altar* in *Procession* come.



D. I. S.  
N. U. P. T. I. A. L. E. T.  
F. E. L. I. C. I. T. A. T. I.  
A. D. C. O. N. N. U. B.  
G. E. N. E. R. O. S. I. S. S.

*H. R.*  
E. T. L. E. C. T. I. S. S.

*A. B.*  
M. O. R. E. M. A. J. O. R.  
E. X. V. O. T. O. S. A. C.  
P. O. S. D. E. D. I. C.  
G. C.





